

James (Jamie) White

# Who Moves to Locate Something Lost

It's more of the same. They leave (one) and come, (two); one smokes while two watch. Their feet widen for the lake but keep together on the curve. The buildings around her become buildings on top of birch trees, and the snows built on train tracks become like vapor on her tongue. Who knows how to hold a bird and, with a steady hand, the knife to dismantle it; carve a hole in the sky with it; throw cups of millet to the crows with it. Nothing to cut off but remove; it's how the syllables place themselves aside the others, to teach the girls how to speak and swallow hymn, to embody each new millennia thinking in hymn, point directly to the canopies and speak the old words with hymn. When the city leaves (one) and comes, (two)—as do them all, transported back to the beginning of voice.